

THE MARBLE HILL PRESS.

SEVENTEENTH YEAR.

The columns of this paper are devoted to the people of the county for the discussion of questions of local interest.

The new tariff bill aims a deadly blow at the hated foreign agate button manufacturers. Incidentally it gives the Iowa agate button factory a monopoly of the business. The Iowa concern is the client of Hon. William B. Allison, the distinguished expert in tariff elevation.

Holding up trains and confiscating coal consigned to private individuals is one of the privileges enjoyed by the railway corporations. Such action on the part of the private citizen would constitute grand larceny. It is too bad that there is no provision for incorporating the individual.

Our neighbors in the Twenty-second judicial district are already talking about the judgeship, and the current of opinion seems to point to Hon. J. L. Fort of Dexter as the logical candidate. Can they possibly find a better lawyer or more honorable, upright gentleman for the position? We don't think so.

A NEBRASKA fanatic jabbed out an eye to conform with that portion of Scripture which reads, "If thine eye be single thou shalt thy whole body be filled with light." His misconstruction of the sentence will doubtless prove quite expensive, as the physicians are quite sure that the injury will cause him to lose the sight of both eyes. How ever, what is to be expected when our most eminent divines are unable to agree as to just what the Bible means?

The last St. Louis horror, the murder of Herbert Cornwall by his brother, Dr. Cornwall of Kansas City, shocked everyone who had the nerve to read the terrible details. Herbert, a depraved young man, the evidence before the coroner revealed, was in the act of striking his aged father with a hammer when his brother shot him and then beat his brains out with a jug and hammer. The coroner's jury exonerated Dr. Cornwall, but the prosecuting attorney says he is not done with the case, and it may develop that a heinous crime has been committed—something of the nature of the Duetsrow case.

The Dingley tariff bill, after weeks of discussion and innumerable changes of policy passed the senate last Wednesday. The bill as it stands is a curious compromise between the effort to provide high protection and the necessity of raising sufficient revenues. The further course of the bill is as uncertain as is the question of its final form. It was referred by the house at once to the joint conference committee, which will have it under consideration for two or three weeks. It will then be referred back to both houses for concurrence, and a few more days will be allowed for the democrats in the house to express their disapproval. About Aug. 1, it may be expected, the new law will be presented to the country, although whether it will resemble the senate bill or the Dingley bill more closely is a matter of mere conjecture. If for any reason the house refuses to accept the incidental features of revenue raising, such as the tax on stock transfers, the whole bill is likely to be recast.

Senator Harris Dead.
Senator Isham G. Harris, of Tennessee, died at his residence in Washington a few minutes before 6 o'clock Thursday afternoon, July 8. The senator had been growing constantly weaker for several days past, the intense summer heat which had prevailed greatly debilitated him and no doubt hastening his end.

There were times when he would rally slightly, which gave his family hopes that he would be able to regain strength sufficiently to be removed from the city, but his vitality had become too much exhausted to withstand the strain.

Thursday morning the senator revived somewhat but only temporarily. During the afternoon he sank rapidly and passed away peacefully. There were present at his bedside when death came his son, Edwin K. Harris, and the latter's wife, Representative Benton McMillin of Tennessee, Miss Polk, from his native state, and the members of the household where the senator had lived for some time.

Senator Harris was last in the senate chamber about two weeks ago, but he was unable to stay for any length of time, and had to be taken home in a carriage. During the last day of his life the senator had been unable to attend his duties

only at intervals, having been away from the city several times endeavoring to recuperate.

Senator Harris had almost completed his seventy-ninth year, having been born in February, 1818, and first became a member of congress in 1849. His congressional career thus began earlier than that of any member of either house and antedating Senators Morrill and Sherman seven years and Hon. Galusha H. Grow, now a member of the house from Pennsylvania, by one year. Mr. Harris had when he was elected to the national house of representatives already become a man of state reputation in Tennessee, having the year previous served as presidential elector on the democratic ticket and two years before been elected a member of the legislature of the state.

Southeast Swamp Land.
The swamp land commission of southeast Missouri is hard at work completing its recommendations regarding the best methods to be pursued in reclaiming the swamp lands in this section of the state. In eleven counties there are within a fraction of 2,000,000 acres of land that is unfit for cultivation on account of its swampy condition. This land is distributed in the eleven counties as follows:

Bollinger, 35,640; Butler, 256,920; Cape Girardeau, 35,469; Dunklin, 249,323; Mississippi, 110,187; New Madrid, 294,261; Pemiscot, 499,833; Ripley, 24,657; Scott, 118,385; Stoddard, 361,338; Wayne, 14,420.

It is argued, says the Republic, that the only practical way to drain the land is to construct a system of canals and remove obstructions from the local streams, many of which have scarcely any current in the low country and do not carry off any of the surplus water. Topographical engineers, who have looked into the matter, say that if these streams are dredged they will carry off the surplus water.

The chief difficulty in the way of reclaiming the land is the lack of means and it is altogether likely that the state will be asked to transfer 500 idle convicts from the penitentiary into southeast Missouri and put them at work reclaiming the swamp lands. There is a large number of idle convicts now in the penitentiary, who are an expense to the taxpayers of the state and no profit whatever. Those who favor this plan do not propose to have the state bear the expenses of feeding, clothing, doctoring and guarding the convicts, but provide a method of small annual tax on each acre of the land reclaimed until such time as the state has been fully reimbursed for all outlays.

Once reclaimed this land will prove the most fertile in the state and furnish homes for thousands, and in the way of increased taxes the state would soon be reimbursed for any reasonable outlay.

When Gallant Custer Died.
The last Friday in the June past marked the twenty-first anniversary of the tremendous massacre on the Little Big Horn river, when the gallant Custer and his little band of 150 troopers were wiped out by over 5,000 howling Redskins, led by Chiefs Galt, Sitting Bull, Rain-in-the-Face and Crazy Horse. Twenty-one years is almost a quarter century, and the distance in time from the memorable day is intensified by the gaps in the ranks of the men then on the plains. Public interest in the massacre makes the last anniversary of extra importance.

For some time alleged survivors have claimed that everyone of Custer's brave band was horribly mutilated by the Indians after the battle was over. This is not true. Dr. W. Porter of Biemack, N. D., last month emerged from a hard-earned retirement to say that he, under convoy of Maj. Reno's command, visited the battlefield soon after the Indians had retired, and found each man lying just as he had fallen when struck by a single Winchester bullet. He took especial pains to deny the yarn that Rain-in-the-Face, enraged at Custer for the death of a favorite pony, had cut out the great cavalry leader's heart.

The gallant Custer! Comrade of Sheridan, Kearney, McPherson, McDougall, Chivalrous, loyal, brave, who went through four years of reckless fighting against the confederates unharmed, only to fall at the hand of savages on a far northwestern field! The man who had fought for civilization with civilized men died fighting for civilization against men who are not capable of civilization. At this date such a fate as his seems incredible. How was it that the sons of men who had fought the Indian from behind Maine's pine trees, over the Hudson, over the Ohio, across the Mississippi to the Pacific, could this have walked into the red man's trap? Custer himself had knowledge of Indian war methods. Perhaps the very spirit of daring impelled him to the expedition from which he did not return. Desire for greater fame, perhaps, but why should he not be left in the all-compassionate charity of the grave?

How light-hearted, happy and healthy that band must have looked as they left Maj. Reno's larger command in the rear and hastened over the Black Hills to the feeding of

the Little Big Horn! There had been an uprising of the Sioux Indians. Exciting chases and battles had been many; lone troopers out as scouts had been found dead on the secret-keeping plains; black ruins of isolated farm houses furnished further proof of Indian devilry, and gave the troopers opportunity to guess the fate of the inmates. They saw and felt it all. But they were brave—and light-hearted.

A June sky was over them, and a June sun turned all the metal trappings of horse and man into streaming silver and gold, as they drenched into the plain from the hatched ridge. Below them the Little Big Horn lay a mass of winding, flowing shen, speckling the splendor and bliss of peace. The last man had not left the heights before before fate arose in the shape of hundreds of Redskins, leaping out of the long grass, howling like fiends. Custer died standing up, cheering on his men, lying full length behind their horses, using the animals as rest-pieces for their rides. The next day Maj. Reno saw a field of corpses, faces toward the unheeding sky, the silvery Little Big Horn flowing gently past their last resting place.

This year, at some convenient point, the men in the army who were in Custer's last campaign propose to hold a reunion. Eleven years ago such a reunion was held for the first time, just ten years after the massacre, on the battlefield itself. At that meeting, when hundreds of soldiers were present, it was decided to hold similar reunions every ten years. Last year, however, when the second anniversary was due, the presidential campaign prevented its holding. As the survivors are fast passing away it is feared that a wait until 1906 will find no one of those interested alive. So the western soldiers are trying now to arrange for a reunion this year, which is a triple late. In case the effort fails, June 25, 1901, as the half-year point in the decade, has been selected. At that time men now scattered from Maine to California will be expected to be present and contribute by anecdote to the fund of information concerning the battle.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The St. Louis wheat market closed last Monday at 67 1/2c for July; 66 1/2c Aug.; 66 1/2c Sept.; Dec. Corn closed at 23 1/4c bid for July; 24 1/4c Sept. Oats closed at 17 1/2c for Sept. Cash wheat, sales at 67 1/2c for No. 2 red and 67c for No. 3 red. Corn, 23 1/4c; oats, 17c; clover, \$2.25 to \$2.50; hay, \$3.25 to \$3.50. Sheep, \$2.25 to \$2.50.

No one can tell what progress will be made by the state in the long list of things it will not do.

One of the queerest reasons for which an injunction was ever granted was that given in a court in Cassiopolis County, Ind., the other day, when Albert Kreiter requested the presiding judge to enjoin his wife from leaving his house. Kreiter told the court his wife spent all her time in gadding around instead of performing her household duties in the proper manner, and that he had been unable to persuade her to reform in this direction. The injunction he asked for was granted, and the woman is now forced to remain on her husband's premises. This is believed to be the first case on record when a man took such measures to restrain his wife's propensity for neglecting her home duties, but it will furnish a precedent of which others may be glad to avail themselves.

A Clear Case.
"Don't question anything you hear about the administration of justice in the early days of the west," advised the man who had dug and prospected over a large part of it in search of fortune, says the Detroit Free Press. "I've seen men out there acting as magistrates that could neither read, write nor talk with an approach to correctness in any language."

"I recall one instance up near the head of Bitter creek. While a miner was down at the saloon one night enjoying himself after the manner of such men, some one stole into his tent and dug up the bags of dust he had buried there. Upon discovery of the theft there was a great hue and cry raised, a sheriff's posse was called in and a young fellow from the east, little better than a tender-foot, was arrested for the crime. He didn't look guilty or act guilty and there was a good deal of sympathy for him among the boys. Otherwise the regular formula of justice might not have been observed."

"When the trial came on the young man had a lawyer that he had sent for and who made it interesting for the prosecutor, who relied largely upon lung power and sledge-hammer blows. Inside of two hours it was proved by evidence that could not be questioned that the accused had spent the entire night with a friend at his shanty three miles from camp. Outside of what the friend swore to a number had seen the prisoner going out in the evening and returning in the morning. Even the prosecution was gracious enough to admit at last that a perfect alibi had been proved."

"There's no mistake about it; I raised the count in order to emphasize his indignation. It has been proved that this sneaking, slick-tongued hypocrite has committed a crime. I sentence him to six months' hard labor."

"And it took half a day to get the sentence annulled."

Our Correspondents.

To J. G. Finney.

This is the season of the year, according to our exchange, when the conscience stricken "perfessor" causes the small class to "revelate."—Bollinger County Times.

The above, as referring to a clipping from the Madison County Democrat, doubtless has more direct reference to the "training school resolutions" which appeared in both the Marble Hill Press and Lutesville Banner not long since.

Among other things specified in the above named resolutions, thanks were tendered John S. Hill of Texas and T. R. Green of the Banner for notices given, also recommending their respective papers as worthy mediums for obtaining the county news, disregarding both the Times editor and his dirty sheet. This of course put to naught the better nature, if such he has, of the "bad Times" editor, hence the above clipping.

Now I wish to state to my pretended friend, Finney, that I was a member of the committee who framed the above named resolutions and as such could not conscientiously commend a man nor recommend his paper, seemingly, by his every act, was seeking to bring reproach upon the character and qualifications of the man who, by virtue of his position, was to be the standard bearer in the teachers' profession; thereby bringing reproach upon the profession itself, and as a necessary consequence, injuring the educational institutions of the county at large.

Although I am one of the "small class," yet I have rights that should be respected, and greatest of all, I have a soul, hence I have feelings and emotions, and by the way, I have as much of that kind known as egotism as my friend Finney. But, like Lincoln, I have "forgiveness in my heart and on my pen," and will here promise Mr. Finney that this is not only my first, but will be my last effort to reduce any insinuations either on him or his paper so long as he keeps silent and refrains from bartering me.

For the past offense I can and do freely forgive him, and pray God that he may correct the error of his way and make peace with his fellowman and with God ere he shall have succumbed to the inevitable.

S. M. DULANEY.

UNION RIDGE.

Weather more pleasant. C. L. Johnson will start to visit his brother this week.

Miss Maradie Cheek spent a few days with her parents last week. Church was well attended Sunday at the harbor. Rev. J. H. Yount preached an interesting sermon.

Misses Radie and Lillie Cheek visited Miss Tora Barks Sunday.

We are sorry to report that Miss Emma Cole is still on the sick list.

Henry Brown of Stoddard county is visiting his brother Brad Brown. Mr. and Mrs. Bailey spent Sunday with C. M. Johnson and wife.

Will J. Burcham and James M. Teeters are attending the teachers' institute.

Misses Cynthia and Ida Cole visited Mrs. E. J. Turner Sunday.

The Sunday school picnic will be given on July 17th. Rev. Marshall, the Presbyterian minister of Marble Hill will lecture for the school some time in the afternoon. Everybody come out and help to make a good time.

Miss Olla Rogers and E. F. Teeters visited at Eli Barks' Sunday.

Mrs. Crad Brown has improved some at this writing.

Alonzo Cheek, who started west some few days ago, is now at Cleveland, Oklahoma.

There will be church at the harbor on the second Saturday and Sunday of next month.

The hay harvesting is much heavier than was expected.

Judge D. B. Hill and daughter passed through our neighborhood Monday.

Rev. Marshall will preach at the harbor Saturday night.

George P. Cole is helping R. L. Teeters harvest hay.

TOOD AND TOOD.
PATTON.
The celebration and free dinner here on the third was a grand success. An unusually large assemblage and everyone seemed to enjoy the day to the fullest extent.

What thrashing will be on this week.

Mrs. F. G. Clippard is very sick at this writing.

Mrs. Schaeffer of St. Louis came down to attend the funeral of her mother.

Mrs. L. A. Auger was called to the bedside of her brother who was accidentally hurt at Ladin a few days ago.

Farmers are very busy thrashing wheat.

Miss Erma Petty is visiting the family of Robert Phelps.

Alph Moore of Jackson was in our city a few days ago.

Mr. and Mrs. John Phelps, David Phelps and Folsom Portis passed through our town on their way to Mississippi county last week.

Miss preparations are being made for the picnic at this place Aug. 4.

Died—July 8, Mrs. Cenia Elfrank, aged 72 years.

Died—The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. John Harl.

Mrs. J. P. McManus was buried at this place Sunday.

Our doctor, J. M. Finney, has been confined to his room with rheumatism.

Bad Allen of near Hog creek is doing the blacksmithing for a few days in the place of R. H. Phelps, who is confined to his bed with fever.

Rumor has it that there will be a wedding here in the near future.

Max Seider and Miss Mamie Elfrank of Marble Hill attended the funeral of Grandma Elfrank.

PINK AND ROSE.
ZALMA.
We are having some very warm weather.

The farmers are rejoicing over the prospect of a good corn crop. A. J. McMillan made a business trip to Cape Girardeau last week.

Adolph James returned from Eastland, Texas, last week.

John Boyd sent his wife to St. Louis on the 30th ult. for medical treatment. Dr. and Mrs. Cullage accompanied her.

Quite a number of the young folks of this place attended the picnic at Brownwood and Advance on third.

Born—On the 10th, to Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Boyer, a boy.

Ed K. Bettie was selling our merchants some tinware last week.

Jacob Eaker is now a resident of Hahn, Mo.

Sam Randolph started to Arkansas Monday.

J. B. Randolph is our tonsorial artist now.

J. L. Watkins and his son Bern came up from Malden Saturday. John likes old Bollinger county fairly well.

The first new wheat of the season was ground here Saturday. A. C. King of Greenbrier raised it.

Epworth league elected new officers Sunday night as follows: Mrs. J. A. Stagle, president; Misses Edith Henley, Anna Hess and Mattie Ganes first second and third vice presidents, Erich James secretary. Erich was elected by a handsome majority. No doubt he has been electioneering beforehand.

For one day of real enjoyment you should be in Zalma on Aug. 7. Nothing will be left undone to make the day pleasant.

The A. O. U. W. of this place have organized a Fruit Growers' association and held a meeting last Saturday. Hon. G. B. Myers was present and addressed the people on the subject of raising fruits and berries. "Squire Ganes has named the new organization Ancient Order of United Berry Workers."

"Squire doesn't like the organization much on account of every person joining having to obligate himself to have one man to do all the shipping. Your correspondent partly agrees with him. I don't think it is necessary for the poor old farmer to appoint a guardian to take care of his products, do his shipping or in any manner dispose of his hard earnings. However, we should go to work and raise our fruits and berries and there will be no trouble then to get a market for them. If, when we get our products ready for market, any of us having enough sense can dispose of it. If not, we can then appoint a guardian and pay him a salary to manage and dispose of the fruits of our labor. I think the citizens of this community who are interested in the welfare and upholding of the country should do something to that end without being paid a salary. ALLEN AROOK.

Do not wait for an airship to take you South, but try the low rate excursions which the Mobile & Ohio railroad, the Great Southern Short Line, will run on June 1st and 15th, July 6th and 20th, August 3d and 17th, September 7th and 21st, October 5th and 19th, November 2d and 16th, December 7th and 21st, 1897, to all points in Tennessee, Mississippi and Alabama. Rate one fare, plus \$2.00. Ample limits and stop overs allowed in either direction south of the Ohio river. A "Home-sweeper's Guide" and all information regarding land furnished free upon application to the Alabama Land and Development company, Mobile, Ala. For any information desired as to rates, tickets, time, etc., apply to F. L. Harris, General Agent, 212 North Fourth street, St. Louis, Mo., or E. E. Posey, General Passenger Agent, Mobile, Ala.

Two Colonels and Bud on Comparative Prosperity.
It was at Colonel Ram's suggestion that the following party was arranged, and it was Colonel Ram's policy that first should call on the local host of Colonel Ram's house in the city. The party consisted of Colonel Ram, who was in the city, and two other Colonels, who were in the city, and Bud, who was in the city. The party was arranged for the purpose of comparing the prosperity of the three Colonels and Bud. The party was arranged for the purpose of comparing the prosperity of the three Colonels and Bud. The party was arranged for the purpose of comparing the prosperity of the three Colonels and Bud.

ICE! For Pictures and everything else.

I am prepared to furnish ice in large or small quantities at hard-time rates.

E. O. Sander The Grocerman.

bars in which Colonel Ram used to keep his horses, and Bud digs them up with a piece of board.

"Fishes," remarked Colonel Ram, "in weather like this is about the only thing white men do with comfort. Fishin' is easy; it is 'rechin', and it don't require the attention to detail which you and me have had to bestow on our min' jules ever since 'o'clock this mornin'."

"That's right," said Colonel Andy. "I don't."

"A man who drinks 's much whiskey 's we do in such weather is this worse than a member of congress. How many jules have we had today?"

Colonel Andy, who was never very strong at mathematics, placed the figure at seven. He reserved the right, however, to amend his bid in case of an afterthought.

"Seven's about it," said Colonel Ram, "and that was just seven too many. In times of severe mental depression I've gone up to eight, but there's no excuse in days like these for men to fill their skins full of likker. There ain't."

Colonel Andy broke a sprig of mint off the bunch in the empty glass before him and chewed it reflectively.

"Still," he began in a cautious, well-don't-know-about-it tone, "squire."

"Still what?" demanded Colonel Ram.

"It was about 's'ay that times wasn't so good. I have been better."

Colonel Ram fixed him with his eyes and leaned forward on the slender-legged table. For nearly a moment he was silent, while Colonel Andy chewed placidly. Then he said:

"You're tryin' to bring up that old argument agin', ain't you? You want to start discussin' good times agin, don't you? You're never satisfied unless you're croakin' about business. Why, you—"

"You started it," broke in Colonel Andy. "I didn't."

"I didn't say a word about it. You just had 't jump in an' try 't skeer up a debate, 'e'en you know I everlastingly lambasted you only yesterday. Talk about prosperity! Why, if you had any sense you'd see it. It's growin', growin' all the time."

"Everywhere. All you got to do is look. Men like you are j'us' ruinin' the country by kickin' when there's nothin' 't kick at. I ain't a McKinley man, but I ain't no free silver man, 'e' I tell you if you'd study the question you'd be out now yelpin' for gold harden you'd pa's this mornin' croakin' for silver. Why, you—"

"Hold on, now! Don't you say I ain't studied that question. I have! I know more about it right now than—"

"You're always got 't chip in Bryan. That ain't argument. You ain't arum' here and rattle-jes' rattle, that's all. You talk a mile a minute, but you ain't sayin' anything that 'd agitate the mind of an intelligent nigger baby. Civ' us figgers—figgers—figgers; that's what we want. Show me where this country's made a cent by electin' McKinley—an' I'll eat all the votes which 's voted for Bryan."

Colonel Ram gazed at Colonel Andy with what was meant to be an expression of compassion. Then he leaned back in his chair and let his chin sink into his fluted shirt front, still gazing.

"Got a pencil?" he asked.

Colonel Andy produced one.

"Since you brought this thing up agin, I will answer your argument, but this is the last time," pursued Colonel Ram. "Hereafter I will discuss politics only with my intellectual equals."

He paused in order that the last shot would have time to take a final spot, but when he saw no change in Colonel Andy's waiting attitude, he sighed and went on:

"Do you know how much gold we exported during the first three months of McKinley's administration?"

"Not—not exactly," replied Colonel Andy. "I thought not. The amount was \$1,746,231.30. Put that down."

Colonel Andy did so.

"Do you know how much gold has been exported since then?"

Colonel Andy said he had the figures at home but could not recollect the exact amount.

"Confound it. No one expected you to. It was jes' \$2,374,699.99. Got that?"

Colonel Andy nodded.

"Those two sums added together make \$4,120,941.29," Colonel Ram continued easily. "Now during this time I speak of we've got the islands of Hawaii, which are to be annexed some time this fall. Course you know that."

"I know that," said Colonel Andy, gruffly.

"The value of Hawaii, according to the latest census, is jes' \$31,499,999.95, but it is believed to be worth that. Well call it that, though, 's fair. Now you subtract them gold figures from the Hawaii figgers, an' see if it ain't \$38,122,467.87."

Colonel Andy chewed some more mint and frowned on the sum for quite a long time. Finally he admitted Colonel Ram's deductions to be correct.

"Certainly," said Colonel Ram, suppressing a feeling of triumph which was swelling up in his soul. "Now, haven't I just that money I told you that was worthin' you more than much, this country is all them millions of dollars ahead which you said you had."

"Colonel Andy was preparing freely and making a pretense of figuring mightily. He was almost on the verge of nervous prostration when he appeared with the wares and prices.

"Bud," said Colonel Ram, severely. "Colonel Andy is jes' in that 's mornin'. Jes' go out an' get a bunch of fresh min' an' come back—"

"Yeah."

"Yeah," said a little stranger than that that time an' 's'ay that in a way much agin."

Twelve Reasons Why.

The St. Louis Republic gives a dozen good reasons why newspaper readers should read this paper. Here they are:

1. The Republic is the greatest newspaper published.
2. It has a cable news service over the entire civilized world, which no other St. Louis paper can secure.
3. Special correspondents in all the large cities and capitals of Europe.
4. News Bureau in New York City and Washington, D. C.
5. Special correspondents in every city and town in the Western United States.
6. Member of the Associated Press, the greatest news gatherer in the world.
7. Publishes daily the market reports of the world.
8. Issues a magnificent colored magazine cover with the Sunday paper.
9. More noted writers and artists contribute to the Republic than any other paper.
10. Issues an unequalled four-page comic weekly with each Sunday paper free.
11. Publishes pages of interest and value to women.
12. Its recent dress pattern department is the most popular feature ever introduced by a newspaper. Thousands patronize it.

The daily and Sunday St. Louis Republic is \$6 a year, \$3 for six months and \$1.50 for three months. The Twice-a-Week Republic is \$1 a year—104 papers, two each week.

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Our College Journal, "The Southwestern" will be mailed free to those who send their names, with the names and addresses of a few of their friends who might be interested in a business education.

The Missing Word.

The Weekly Constitution, published at Atlanta, Ga., has announced its fourth missing word contest.

Ten per cent of the money received from subscribers who enter the missing word contest during the months of June, July and August will be paid to the person or persons naming correctly the missing word in the following sentence:

"WE HAVE NOT 'ENOUGH AND ARE PUT TO VERY AWKWARD SHIFTS FOR WANT OF SOME."

There is not much doubt in the mind of the editor of this paper as to the word expressing that of which he has not been able to secure enough, and he realizes the very awkward shifts he is put to for want of the same, but the point is to find the